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VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1457.

An Italian Hero.

SKETCH OF

AVEZZANA,

LATE MINISTER OF WAR AT ROME.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Italy has many glorious and cherished men to record in her history, and though despotism has triumphed again over her strenuous efforts for freedom, yet I have faith that the day of her resurrection is not far distant. Among the names of those worthy to be placed in her Pantheon, there are few more worthy than that of General G. Avezzana. While young, with the hope that there was a better future for Italy, he enlisted in the French army under Napoleon, and after the infamous Congress of Vienna entered the service of Piedmont. In a short time he was raised to the rank of Staff Officer. The year 1821 arrived with its different revolutions, and Italy, that volcano of perpetual fermentation, rose to achieve her independence. Piedmont was the first to accept this patriotic mission, and having trusted in a promise, she was betrayed. The young Avezzana fled to a foreign land to avoid death or imprisonment. From France the Italian officer passed into Spain, and here offered his services for the emancipation of that desolate peninsula. After a few months of active service, he received the commission of Major in the Spanish army. King Ferdinand, unable to oppose the revolutionary legions, called upon the French for their intervention, and here was decided the fate of Spain. The Spaniards rebelled, the Bourbons headed for the New World, and with numerous friends joined the Mexicans in their struggles against Spanish oppression. During this war, he distinguished himself so much that he was made Lieutenant. Santa Anna named him Colonel, and gave him orders to attack a most important fortress held by the Spanish troops. At the head of a small band of natives and foreigners, after a severe contest, he gained the fort, and compelled the enemy to capitulate. A partial insurrection having broken out against the then General, an account of his achievements reached Europe, and elected himself against Santa Anna, and sustained, in Tampico, a long siege, but was obliged by the exigencies of the soil, for want of troops and from the great scarcity of food.

A few years after, we find him engaged on commercial affairs in New York, and a naturalized citizen of the United States. Though retired to private life, he organized an Italian military company, to enable the Italians, when returning to their native country, to become useful to their cause and of her independence. While under his command as instructor, this company was ready at the call of its members, and appeared among the best manuvaled soldiers of the regiments of New York. By favor of a numerous family, he gave his children a liberal education, and while President of the Italian Benevolent Society of New York, he rendered a good part of his fortune to the relief of his countrymen. Now in Italy, after a long exile, he does not enjoy his generous assistance. A man without vanity, great and noble in his actions ready to forgive his enemies, and full of patriotism, he saw with the awakening of Italy seemed to be at last Avezzana decided at last to assert his honest rights and children for the independence of Italy. Arrived in France, he heard of the disastrous retreat of the Piedmontese army, instead of being discouraged by these unexpected events he confirmed his journey, and after about twenty years of exile, visited the paternal roof. The fame of his campaigns in Spain and Mexico, his long sufferings for the national cause, had spread over all Italy, and Charles Albert, desirous to aid the armistice with Radetzki, appointed him Minister of War, not only to the regular but also the National Guard. Among the measures named by the ex-king, was that of General-in-Chief of the National Guard of Genoa.

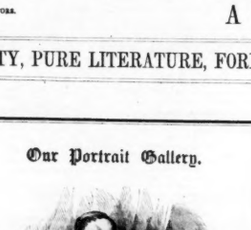
The second war of independence was approaching. The new General issued a patriotic proclamation, and invited the national troops and people to arm and whatever their political opinions, he urged them to lend their arms to the independence of their fatherland. The war was at last inaugurated, but with the ominous success of the Piedmont ere army, of the treacherous conduct of the commander-in-chief, as well as of the cowardice of a part of the troops. I shall abandon this painful subject. Avezzana bitterly felt the cause and the failure of the battle of Novara, and at the head of the Genoese Guard and people, boldly opposed, when Victor Emanuel, in a hasty manner, and decided that Genoa would rather sign a note from Piedmont than participate in it. In a few days, Genoa was surrounded by the troops of the soldiers, who having refused to fire on the Constitution in Civil War, had delivered their arms. Avezzana was not terrified by the numerous troops sent by the throne of the bourbs General, as Commander-in-Chief, he ordered the fortress to be surrounded barricades, aroused each martial line any cause she should please to favor, and in a few days amid the murderous bombs and shells of the enemy, put found time to write to his wife, "that he is your faithful, and should he die, it would be a noble end to die for his country, and for the independence of Italy." Genoa capitulated after some days of continued bombardment, but General Avezzana refused to accept the proposals of the enemy, and with an honorable retreat took upon itself to capitulate, and Gen. Avezzana, being on the list of the victims, he took refuge as an American consul, and although he was offered by the municipality the Command-General for the troops assembled to oppose the Austrian force, and answered in the gratulatious gift with an address to the Genoese population.

From Genoa he went to Nice, where he was named Minister of War and Navy, while the young Roman Republic was in danger from the French and Austrian arms of the French troops. He wrote to his beloved wife that he would rather die than see the Italian flag trampled under foot by its enemies. On his arrival he published a proclamation to the Romans, and brought bravely at their head at the barricades. We have reason to expect more glorious deeds from the Hero of Genoa.

ANECDOTE OF BURR.—The following affecting incident, detailed by Mrs. Burke to a friend, took place a few months before Burr's death, in 1836:—A lady of a certain social position, which had been a great favorite with the junior Mr. Burke, and his constant companion in all rural country-and-city sports, when both were alike heartless and vapid-as-you-please, in the days of their youth and folly, went, not to take the rest of the park for the remainder of his life at care, with other treasonous to the state, but to see Aaron Burr, whom she had seen once misused by any one. While waiting one day in solitary musing, Mr. Burke perceived that a woman and old and coarse class up to him, and at length, after some comments upon in viewing him, addressed by seeming recollection and confidence deliberately seated its head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action left Burr for a moment without any sense of the object; but, as he came to himself, he saw a woman, who occupied much of his time, and the apparent excitement and sympathy of which he was conscious as if it could sympathize with his inward sorrows, rushing at once into his mind, totally unconscious of his fortunes, and throwing his arms over its neck, he wept long and bitterly."

RULES FOR WASHING RICH.—When a lady is not engaged, she wears a ring on her first finger; if engaged, on her second; if married, on her third; and if she intends to remain unmarried, she wears the ring upon her fourth finger. This is the rule laid down in the latest work upon female proprieties that we have seen, and it appears to be generally recognized among the set as one that should be scrupulously observed.

Our Portrait Gallery.



AVEZZANA.

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIX.

Birds in low hidden ayleries of ivy and wood
Our hearts, though stout and brave, still muse upon,
Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh-born or dying fast.
The Christian Year.

In the autumn of this year, Mr. Denison took his wife and daughter to spend the winter in Italy.—The health of Mrs. Denison, which had been so reduced alike by the heat of India and the cold of England, improved so rapidly during their stay at Naples, that they resolved to give her the benefit of a further trial of the air of the "sunny south."

Leaving her and Isabel in Switzerland, he came himself to London, her attendance in Parliament, and repaired from thence to the seat of Judge ——, at or touring for a few months in France and Germany, returned again to Rome for the winter.

It was late in the spring of the year following that they came to England for good. Mrs. Denison had fixed upon the following correspondence passed between Isabel and Miss Stapleton:

ISABEL DENISON TO MISS STAPLETON.

MY DEAREST ANNE AND RACHEL:—

We arrived in London the latter part of last week, and after a very rough passage—a passage which, I suppose, I ought to be thankful for, as the last used and you know that I never feel weary or sea-sick—we found ourselves safe under the paternal roof. The fame of his campaigns in Spain and Mexico, his long sufferings for the national cause, had spread over all Italy, and Charles Albert, desirous to aid the armistice with Radetzki, appointed him Minister of War, not only to the regular but also the National Guard. Among the measures named by the ex-king, was that of General-in-Chief of the National Guard of Genoa.

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Mrs. Denison's health. I can hardly fancy Annie speaking French; but she was a quick little girl, and I suppose she was in the school before Mrs. Stapleton's daughter. Rachel, I would like a long list of messages; will no addition rise the sheet? I would never devour the records of fashionable life in London, spell over whole columns of entertaining manner in the hope of one mention of her, but always in vain. Mr. Denison wrote to him twice on business; gave Ermentine's love; but was silent as to his daughter.

The cause of Clarence's absence was unknown to his numerous acquaintance; and Isabel could but guess on the subject, they did but make them avoid more scrupulously any mention of Isabel's name in their occasional communications with him; and Clarence, too, was silent. He had not resided long in the metropolis of England—he made no inquiries now.

But hope dawned again. This hope was founded partly on the simple fact that her marriage had never, to his knowledge, been announced; partly upon a confidence that Herbert Greyson's affection was too noble to take her hand without her heart, partly on the non-fulfillment of those words from Isabel's lips. At times, this hope seemed a strong foundation to build upon—at times it was weak. Let still, strong, or weak, it was a hope—and during the latter part of his stay in India, a hope continually present to his mind.

"And, oh, Isabel!" he would sometimes say, "I am not always unworthy of such love as yours. Never, surely, have I been unfaithful to your memory."

"Perhaps," says his heart suggested, "it is because my constancy has not been tried," and immediately his restless spirit longed for a temptation might come to him in his present life.

Time details have doubtless been tedious but they are necessary

In the winter of the third year of his stay in India, he chose to know his face became suddenly less intense to bear; and to the great regret of all, he left Calcutta, and with his husband and child, he gained a cabin in the vessel that sailed for England early in February. His going was, however, delayed by a few weeks by an accident which affected him deeply at the time, and was not without its effect afterwards.

A few days before he sailed for England, he was riding with a young man to whom he was much attached, in a lonely mountainous path. Suddenly his horse of his friend stumbled, and he was thrown with violence to the ground. What Clarence says of him he was insensible. With much fatigue, he carried him to a herdsman's hut, at some distance, and there, after a few hours of anxious watching, he had the satisfaction of seeing his friend open his eyes in consciousness, before he left the hut. Of course, Clarence of his engagement to a young girl at Calcutta, to whom he was to have been married the coming month, and with her to have returned to England. He implored Clarence to go to her husband, and herein the cause of his death, and he and her mother were made acquainted with the accident. The sorrow of the young girl was painful to see, it was, as some French writer says: "Tout à fait comme une femme." She was inconsolable to a character as not and tender as Ellinor's Clarence was deeply touched, and he resolved to remain with her until her abandonment to sorrow.

Day after day he returned to console her, and, at length, her prospects for England, his efforts were in some degree, crowned with success.

CHAPTER XXI.

I must not call her cruel a broken heart
Though her lips speak not, her eyes are dumb,
That breaks more broken never beat again.
Coxtle

It was the middle of March before they embarked for England. The hurry of starting was of great use to Ellinor, it cured the nervous pain of her head—but a deep sadness took up its abode in her heart, with tolerable cheerfulness, a part in the conversation, and a smile for the occasional remark, but the monotony of a long sea voyage. She and Clarence were necessarily much together. He was to succeed her as her own peculiar and sacred charge, and, however engaged in his own occupations or amusements, Clarence never could lose sight of her, never look on her brow without flying to her side, and remaining there till his efforts had chased the cloud away.

He was much assisted in diverting her mind by the fact that Isabel was a favorite with him, for her gentle face and soft, gentle manners. Mr. Rushbrook was an English clergyman returning to a cozy face and a good-humored smile; and if the term might be applied rather to warmth and enthusiasm of heart than to those of style and manner. Mrs. Rushbrook's favorite eulogium of being "all over."

His first passion in life was to make acquaintance, and when he had made them, to love them with his whole heart. His second passion was to make his many acquaintances happy and comfortable, and his third passion was then also to love with the warmth and unselfishness of his own nature. As may be supposed, to this latter passion he owed his many acquaintances. The sun-shine of his open-hearted manners however, if of a good warmth over the society on board the Victoria.

Clarence and Mr. Rushbrook delighted in meeting together; not, as might be imagined, with any views of love and marriage (he had other people for Ellinor on his brain), but simply because it was such a pleasure for young people to be with those who understood and appreciated them. They gave at least, the hope of some day bearing a better name, and winning a more enduring remembrance.

Those were those among his young companions on board, who wandered at the lonely hours and places, and who had sought Clarence; and he encountered only insipid, wily in a lot apparently as lonely as himself, and who, like himself, had learned as themselves. But his melancholy was no

"Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes."

Were we have set our heart on any object, whatever that object may be, we make it a portion of our nature, and become a painful wrench to separate from it; and this pain is ten-fold increased when the judgment approves that a painful wrench to separate from it; and this pain is ten-fold increased when the judgment approves that a painful wrench is necessary. Nothing, it to say as to marvel at the sorrows of others; nothing so difficult as to know what to do when what we have to do.

Clarence's arrival in India, his intense desire for active service, was simply a flight of mind, it became, his restless and disinterested wish for employment, for its own sake, soon brought him more active and useful than those of a number of more than ordinary importance.

The same principle seems that once by being appointed to local detachments, sent far up into the wildest parts of the country; and, on these occasions, he was always selected as companion, as one peculiarly fitted to think, to be ever watchful, to depend on the strength of his own mind, and the resilience of his observation, for the preservation of the many lives intrusted to him, his fellow character deepened, strengthened and was guided. And day by day did he become more worthy of the happiness he had lost, when he lost his hope of Isabel.

From her his thoughts never wandered. As time passed on, and no tidings reached him of her marriage, a faint hope dawned again, and centered with a hue of its own brightness the serenity of the in he let.

Two years passed away, and he never heard of her—never even saw her name mentioned. He was often, on a moonlight night, and the air, calm and fresh, and beautiful, had tempted many of the passengers upon deck. Clarence was roused from his reverie by the soft voice of Ellinor Herrey.

"Are you fond of looking at the stars, Lord Clarence?"

"Very fond, indeed," he answered, without in the least knowing what she said, for his thoughts were far away.

"And do you understand them? I mean, do you know the names of them?"

"Oh! the stars!—No, I don't know much about them; but I like to watch them. They are very superstitious about the stars in India, and I have caught the feeling in some degree. I often wonder which is the star of my destiny."

"I have heard," said Ellinor, "it is thought that every one has a peculiar star."

"Yes, and one of their ideas is that, if a person is doomed to die, the star of his destiny is visible to no eyes except his own. I heard a pretty story on that subject in India—shall I tell it you?"

"Oh, yes!" said Ellinor, eagerly.

"Two brothers, the one come to manhood, the other a boy many years younger, were walking together on the garden of their own home, on the eve of the day on which the elder brother was to sail for India.

"Though their ages were so different, there had always been a peculiarly strong attachment between the two.

"As they walked along, the elder brother pointed to a bright star, and said—

"'That is my favorite star, when I am gone, when we are in the different parts of the country, let us watch that star, our eyes may, perhaps, rest upon it at the same moment.' The boy promised, and they parted.

"Many years afterward, the younger brother was living in India. It was a time of war, and a few days after their meeting, the regiment to which the two brothers belonged was ordered to the attack of some dangerous place. On the eve of the engagement, they walked again together in the garden by moonlight.

"'There is your star,' said the younger one, 'I never forget my promise, whenever it was visible, I have looked for it, but he is never visible to me.'

"Yet,' he said, 'it was my favorite star, but there is a brighter one here that I have often watched' and he pointed to a brilliant star shining above them beside, 'but the boy could not see it.

"'Then,' said the elder brother, with excited eagerness—for the superstition flashed upon his mind—'that star is mine! I never knew your head—the brightest star in all the heavens.'

"But the boy looked in vain.

"'Then,' said the elder, 'I have often watched and he pointed to a brilliant star shining above them beside, but the boy could not see it.

"'Now very, very pretty!' said Ellinor, gently, 'but how sad! I think that in future, I shall always be afraid of pointing to a beautiful star.'

"Why so?" said Clarence, smiling.

"It is more melancholy than, he added, 'it is very much like the fate of many a young man, who dies of an officer who had died in India, and, as the engagement of her child was her only joy in that country, she willingly consented to proceed, with her husband, to his charge, to convey a England and to London.

To Mrs. Herrey, the mother of the girl, Clarence was deeply attached. She had been the friend and flow of an officer who had died in India, and as the engagement of her child was her only joy in that country, she willingly consented to proceed, with her husband, to his charge, to convey a England and to London.

"It seems to me," continued Ellinor, "that every one has a brighter star than they are young, and they think, for a time, that happiness never can come again, but it does come.

"Do you think it will come?" he said, turning eagerly toward her. Then, ashamed at the folly of his question, he added, "I mean, perhaps you can come to love.—You think," he said, gently, and with a kind intrigue, "that you can be happy again?"

"Yes," she said, slowly. "yes, Lord Clarence, I think that I shall be happy, if possible."

He thought she alluded to the advice he many times had given her; advice which, the previous fall, he had not practiced in his own case, and kindly saying he was glad to have been of use to her, he left her. But Clarence's words recurred to his mind with another meaning; and though he spoke of the thought almost with disgust, he returned again, that, while he had been thinking only of consoling her, he had suffered himself to gain her affections.

The following day, as they sate on the deck for the last time, Clarence, in a confidential manner, drew Ellinor beside him by Mr. Rushbrook, and he buried a trifling, common-place poem, called "Her Star," from Isabel. Here and there he was able to hear, with tolerable cheerfulness, a part in the conversation, but the words were indistinct—and he carry the monotony of a long sea voyage. She and Clarence were necessarily much together. He was to succeed her as her own peculiar and sacred charge, and, however engaged in his own occupations or amusements, Clarence never could lose sight of her, never look on her brow without flying to her side, and remaining there till his efforts had chased the cloud away.

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"Yes," she said, slowly. "yes, Lord Clarence, I think that I shall be happy, if possible."

He thought she alluded to the advice he many times had given her; advice which, the previous fall, he had not practiced in his own case, and kindly saying he was glad to have been of use to her, he left her. But Clarence's words recurred to his mind with another meaning; and though he spoke of the thought almost with disgust, he returned again, that, while he had been thinking only of consoling her, he had suffered himself to gain her affections.

The following day, as they sate on the deck for the last time, Clarence, in a confidential manner, drew Ellinor beside him by Mr. Rushbrook, and he buried a trifling, common-place poem, called "Her Star," from Isabel. Here and there he was able to hear, with tolerable cheerfulness, a part in the conversation, and a smile for the occasional remark, but the monotony of a long sea voyage. She and Clarence were necessarily much together. He was to succeed her as her own peculiar and sacred charge, and, however engaged in his own occupations or amusements, Clarence never could lose sight of her, never look on her brow without flying to her side, and remaining there till his efforts had chased the cloud away.

He was much assisted in diverting her mind by the fact that Isabel was a favorite with him, for her gentle face and soft, gentle manners. Mr. Rushbrook was an English clergyman returning to a cozy face and a good-humored smile; and if the term might be applied rather to warmth and enthusiasm of heart than to those of style and manner. Mrs. Rushbrook's favorite eulogium of being "all over."

His first passion in life was to make acquaintance, and when he had made them, to love them with his whole heart. His second passion was to make his many acquaintances happy and comfortable, and his third passion was then also to love with the warmth and unselfishness of his own nature. As may be supposed, to this latter passion he owed his many acquaintances. The sun-shine of his open-hearted manners however, if of a good warmth over the society on board the Victoria.

Clarence and Mr. Rushbrook delighted in meeting together; not, as might be imagined, with any views of love and marriage (he had other people for Ellinor on his brain), but simply because it was such a pleasure for young people to be with those who understood and appreciated them. They gave at least, the hope of some day bearing a better name, and winning a more enduring remembrance.

Those were those among his young companions on board, who wandered at the lonely hours and places, and who had sought Clarence; and he encountered only insipid, wily in a lot apparently as lonely as himself, and who, like himself, had learned as themselves. But his melancholy was no

"Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes."

Were we have set our heart on any object, whatever that object may be, we make it a portion of our nature, and become a painful wrench to separate from it; and this pain is ten-fold increased when the judgment approves that a painful wrench is necessary. Nothing, it to say as to marvel at the sorrows of others; nothing so difficult as to know what to do when what we have to do.

Clarence's arrival in India, his intense desire for active service, was simply a flight of mind, it became, his restless and disinterested wish for employment, for its own sake, soon brought him more active and useful than those of a number of more than ordinary importance.

The same principle seems that once by being appointed to local detachments, sent far up into the wildest parts of the country; and, on these occasions, he was always selected as companion, as one peculiarly fitted to think, to be ever watchful, to depend on the strength of his own mind, and the resilience of his observation, for the preservation of the many lives intrusted to him, his fellow character deepened, strengthened and was guided. And day by day did he become more worthy of the happiness he had lost, when he lost his hope of Isabel.

From her his thoughts never wandered. As time passed on, and no tidings reached him of her marriage, a faint hope dawned again, and centered with a hue of its own brightness the serenity of the in he let.

Our Portrait Gallery.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

like of all things to go, but I know nobody in all England."

"Ah, that's true! but I will fetch you myself, or, way, Lord Clarence, that will do much better. And Clarence, that I will do much better.

Clarence was forced to acted, but was going most resolutely to refuse the invitation, when he heard for a few weeks by an incident which affected Ellinor deeply.

To Ellinor the time passed pleasantly, for she loved Clarence, and, while she lived in his constant presence, she was happy. To her he seemed the unmeasured gave only pain.

And Clarence—was it any thought of Ellinor that made him knit his brows, and gave such an intense expression of thought and anxiety to his countenance? Was he calculating the hours that must elapse, in a few days, almost a few hours, his he would be settled, with calmness or with pain? What in the distance had been hope, changed, in that moment, to unmitigated fear.

"Why so silent, Miss Ellinor?" said Mr. Rushbrook, gayly. "Have you no happy thoughts of your own to impart? Or is sailing with us likely to be reproached?—Breathe there a man with soul so dead, &c.—if England with all thy faults, I love thee still!—you don't exactly remember the poem I mean." He was quite excited with his quotations. "I very much grieve four is a place," said Ellinor, quietly.

"Out of the place, my dear Miss Herrey, you must not waste your sweet on prose, on the contrary, I greet you, and I am sure Clarence does, with a most hearty welcome."

"I have much reason to be sure England as Mr. Rushbrook is," she asked, at last.

Mr. Rushbrook looked round and stood by her. He hoped an opportunity might arise to speak.

"No, not happy," he answered. "Fear and anxiety do not consist with happiness, do they ! I long to be there and—I could delay it for a week, for a month even, I believe I would have to wait.

"You have, then, in England," she said, in a low voice, "some that you love very much?"

"I have much reason to love," he said, paused, for even to speak of Isabel was painful to him, but, our Ellinor's sake, it must be done "and one" more than all the rest. Isabel—my dear friend, where, I dare scarcely ease, even to myself, what it is I feel for her."

A blush passed over Ellinor's face, and she turned her head away for a moment; then gently said, "She is very happy."

Clarence looked down tenderly on the young girl, and half his countenance seemed to say, "Would it be continued—If she e happy?—I am—I know not what. What will you think of me, when I tell you that I love her, and that I left her she was engaged to be married, and took a grave, and that I left her she was engaged to be married, and took a grave, and that I left her she was engaged to be married, and took a grave

of the administration, both local and general, which when known to the people I trust will be very soon after the establishment, to be seen in the land of almost every poorest. It did more, also, for the spread and guidance of the Hungarian longings than all the laws of the Diet together. Germans and Schwarzen, who had formerly paid no attention to that language, now learned it, to be able to read a paper that can not so much the public mind. But the greatest effect was not felt long undisturbed in his labor. The government had not, it appears, the right of control. Paul, who had a popular permission to appear, as it had arranged at Pressburg (the Diet met at Pressburg till 1848,) ever making public the proceedings of the Diet. It could not, therefore, either suppress or submit to the censure of the Pest Rathy. It concealed, however, in the letter, by letting no one know of the publication, who, in 1841 discharged Kossuth from the editorship, and employed some one else.

But the active nature of Kossuth would not now suffer him to remain idle. He turned his attention to founding societies for establishing and encouraging domestic manufactures, and for constructing public roads. Hungary was at that time in some respects in the almost semi-barbarous state. The parts of the country were in a manner cut off from the east from want of proper roads, bridges, &c. But particularly in respect to manufactures was Hungary behind the other countries of Europe. It was shamefully dependent for cloth and many other objects of manufacture, upon the other provinces of Austria. This was what Austria wished (because she found mean for Hungary than any other part of her empire, and wished to keep it therefore more dependent,) and all her laws tended to sanction it. Gratz coming out of Hungary was submitted to a heavy tariff, but all manufactures going in, were wholly free.

In six months after the founding of the "protection societies" by Kossuth, more than half the Hungarian people were pledged to wear only articles of domestic manufacture.

In the Hungarian Diet which met at Presburg, November 11, 1847, Kossuth was elected deputy from Pesth to the lower House, in which he took a leading part. It will be only necessary to remember the decisions of the Diet from Nov. 11 to Feb. 22, to see that a gigantic reform was going on in Hungary, even before the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the subsequent movements in Germany. The following were some of the decisions of the great assembly:—to change their place of abode, (they were before attached to the soil as under the feudal system,) unrestricted freedom in the selling of landed property, (abolition of hereditary property, such as exists in England,)—abolition of tithes, for a fixed compensation—liberty for strangers to settle in the country—the taxation of all these classes equally. (The nobles were formerly exempt)—encouragement of the Jews—language regulations, by which the Germans are permitted to use their own tongue, in conducting their interior affairs—right militiaries not apart to encourage manufactures, and municipals. On the 3rd of February, 1848, before the intelligence at Paris, Kossuth used the following words in a speech.

"Since 600 years, we have a constitutional State. We wish to believe that ministers sit on these benches, to hear and answer our complaints. *We proclaim day forth, we wish to have a Hungarian ministry.*"

Five days after, the news of the movement at Paris, reached Presburg. The conduct of Kossuth at this not only contributed more than that of any other man to rouse up the Hungarians to demand their rights, but also had great effect in exciting to activity the people of Vienna itself. He was at the head of the deputation who, the 13th of March, demanded and obtained from the Emperor a separate Hungarian ministry. From this time forth he was the soul of the Hungarian Diet. An energy and difficulty came his influence increased. On the 11th of March he became Finance Minister. On the 17th broke out the war with the Servians. August, 30th with Croatia. September 30th he was President of the Ministry. September 11th appeared the "Imperial manifest," which proclaims the open rupture between Hungary and Austria, and the fall of the Committee of Surety. Kossuth now continued at Hungarian affairs. His history since is that of Hungary itself, which I need not repeat here. A little sketch I have given, will give some idea of the man, who is now playing unhappily the most distinguished part in the drama of European affairs. and it will also show that Kossuth's character would have been long gone on in Central Europe of which we have known little.

A recent article in the London Times, is devoted to the consideration of the position and prospects of the Hungarian war, and we find in it the following excellent and true estimate of the character and ability of the Hungarians:

In December last, Hungary was at one and the same time, attacked from nine different quarters in Europeand by foreign and by concentrated in their first struggles, the Hungarians were compelled to retreat, leaving their Capital and the best of th, remnant in the hands of their enemies. Yet the genius of Kossuth never quailed. Supported by the unbending courage of his countrymen, and by the sinew, without the assistance of strangers either in men or money, without foreign levies or foreign loans, he, step by step, recovered every advantage which had been won from him at first by the overwhelming force and simultaneous attacks of the Austrians.

In the short time which has elapsed since the 7th of January, he has once more driven the Austrians, in his remote, manufacture for the production of fulminating salines and gunpowder, to January his members, and one for casting and boring cannon.—He has erected powder mills and extended the manufacture manufactory; he has thoroughly equipped and regularly provisioned one hundred thousand men he has raised the army to twenty four and twenty six hundred men; and he has established postmen train and rocket-batteries. But he has done more than this. In the subordinate ranks of the army his eagle eye has detected the lurking talents which the Austrian system could not destroy, and he has committed the charge of his forces in men whose triumphs have justified his selection. Only one year ago Gorgey was but a Lieutenant; Klapka and Gaspar, Captains; Vetter, a Major; and Percel Gorgey, and Count Casimir Batthyany, had never served at all. Yet now the Austrian Generals, grown gray of warlike experience, have been imprisoned in the superior talents of their young competitors. Twenty regions have fled before the Hungarian recruits, like chaff before the wind. The armies of the Empire are demoralized and disorganized by a succession of severe defeats, and the military power of Austria is a broken reed.

The Times also thinks that the aid of Russia, which the Austrian Cabinets has solicited, will not be so overpowering as is generally thought, and adds—

For this threatened invasion, however, Hungary is prepared. Recruiting has again commenced in those countries which have been found favorable to the enemy's force. In these the population is so ready to believe the hazard of Kossuth, as it passed itself throughout avowe to that of Windischgratz.—Within a month, the national army will be raised to 300,000 men; and the Hungarian levies which Austrians have supplied the necessary artillery.—Moreover, the national party possess the means of equipping and provisioning these masses. Various circumstances, no one of which was the disturbance of transport last year, have placed the whole of the harvest in the hand; have caused a vast accumulation of grain on hand, and stored it.

By his possession of the small district in Transylvania, called the banat Austria has, moreover, been enabled to raise from 14,000 to 16,000 cavalry horses, without drawing upon those necessary for the labors of agriculture. The internal credit is excellent, under the wise management of the National Bank, and presents a striking contrast to the financial embarrassments of Vienna. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Russian intervention, through by no means a desperate, is a most serious matter for the Austrian Empire.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO RESIDENTS OF THE SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.—Well, Smith, how do you get along in the Second (2d) District.)

"Oh, *swimmingly*. But tell me, Bill, how are you off in the old District (d)?

"Barely able, my dear fellow, to keep my head above water."—*New Orleans paper.*

Mrs. Partington says, that since Gen. Taylor has been elevated the gale are enamelled of his beauty, and that among a President is like something for precept in Verse. Still she thinks it better to be a gain-ained President than a General posed somewhere.—*Exchange.*

UNPARALLELED GREENNESS!—Please, sir, a most a little girl, who was sweeping cross-walks for a living, to a dandy, "you have given me a bad penny."

"Never mind, little girl," replied he, "*you may keep it for your honesty!*"

The story about the discovery of gold mines at Fort Philip, Australia, is confirmed by subsequent letters.

The Memphis Eagle publishes a letter from Galveston, dated on 3rd inst., announcing a revolution in the south of Col. Jack Hays, of choice, at San Antonio.

At the recent marriage of Miss Meyrick to an officer at Dragoons, her uncle, the Duke of Cleveland, made her a present of a purse containing £10,000.

A machine has been invented in Connecticut to cut clothes of every shape without shears.

Two men in the New York prison cannot be refused to set a fish (*vivacious*)ture that had been sent to them, through fear of the Cholera. They were to be long the t-nal day. Such very prudent gentlemen deserved to be emptied, and they were.

BIOGRAPHY OF MR. POLK.

James Knox Polk, the eleventh President of the United States, was the eldest of nine children, and was born on the 2nd of November, 1795, in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina. His ancestors, whose original name, Pollock, has, by obvious transition, assumed its present form, were natives of the north of Ireland.

The father of James K. Polk was a farmer, in unassuming, prosperous, but not affluent circumstances. Thrown upon his own resources in early life by the misfortune of a father's insolvency, he in the Autumn of 1806 he removed, with his family of ten children, from the homestead in North Carolina, to Tennessee, which then was the possessors of the fertile valley of Duck River, a tributary of the Cumberland. Here he settled, on the new the most flourishing and populous portion of the State. In the year 1810 he engaged the active and vexatious political life to the Presidency, as the he may be said, literally, to have grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength.

In the Autumn of 1815 he entered the University of North Carolina, in the town of Chapel Hill, as a junior and a half, thereby fully prepared himself to commence his collegiate course, being then in the seventeen year of his age.

Mr. Polk's career at the University was distinguished. At each annual session he appears to have away the first honor, and finally graduated in 1818, with the highest honors of his class, and also with the reputation of being the first scholar in both the mathematics and classics.

From the University he returned to Tennessee with health impaired by application, and in the beginning of the year 1819 commenced the study of the law, (the profession which has furnished him of the three Presidents of the United States) he did not without a struggle, simply ceasing to be a student, but actually commencing the practice of a weary task.

About the end of an hour preceding his death, his venerable mother entered the room, and kneeling by his bedside, offered up a prayer to the God of "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," committing the departing soul of her son to His holy keeping. The scene was strikingly impressive. Major Polk, the President's brother, was also by his bedside, with other members of the family.

The close of his life was a pain silver plate, with these words:

J. K. POLK,
Born November 2, 1795.
Died June 15, 1849.

The body lies in State to-day. The sable-draped coffin, covered with black, and the room is also in mourning with black scarlet crape. The Hall of Representatives, where the body lies in state, is also very completely shrouded in black, giving a solemn and impressive appearance to the whole scene.

The funeral took place at four o'clock this afternoon, from the President's house, being first carried to the drawing-room over the hall. I saw the body taken from the coffin, and placed in the rich and costly metallic case. Death has impressed upon them the seal of majesty. It has life, but there are features that impress of command and intellectual force, which the Artist has failed to catch in the marble outline. He was habited in a plain suit of black, the same dress worn by him when on a visit to the State, in perpetuity, for the purpose.

The Rev. Dr. Lacy, of the M. E. Church, South, officiated at Church, seven days before his death, desiring to be baptized by him. He was baptized accordingly.

"Sir, if I had suspected seventy years ago that I should be called upon to address you as I now do, I have made me a wretched man: yet I am about to do it. I am a Democrat, and have been all my life, even been baptized. Tell me, sir, can there be any thing in the Democratic faith for me?"

The Rev. Doctor made known to him the essential principles of the gospel, which he found to be run parallel with man's life.

The Doctor then suggested, that (at had been previously his custom in misery by some mistake) he should be baptized. But he declined, and was strongly inclined to be baptized during his administration, but was afraid that it would be regarded as public his battle gave him taste for the mission of the Methodist Church, which was then in its infancy, and which was struggling for existence, and to late to act. In his conversation with the Rev. Doctor, he referred to the Methodist Church, and to the scriptures, which, he said, he had read a great many times, and he knew, and felt, that it was the word, he was theoretically, a Christian.

The conversation on Wednesday Mr. Polk was too much for him to be then baptized, it was postponed, to be administered by the Rev. Dr. Lacy, the pastor of the ex-President recollected that when he was Governor of Tennessee, Mr. Polk was a frequent guest at his house with the Rev. Mr. McFerrin, the talented and distinguished Methodist minister of the place, for whom he entertained and cherished a friendship, that lasted to the end of life. Mr. McFerrin, shortly after the ex-President's death, was appointed by the Methodist Church, to write a memoir of his life, and he did so, and with a degree of ability, that was highly creditable to himself, and to the subject of his memoir.

Mr. Polk had died on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, which, in his estimation, was his most glorious day; who, it is to be hoped, will be received into the mansions of the blessed, and consigned to its decently, for "all ligs do pensee her."

Clippings.

The destination of the Irish State Prisoners is Sydney, Australia. There will be an escort of soldiers for the convicts, as none are expressed regret; and therefore there is no hope of its success.

Mr. Polk has a new dollar note, charging banks two hundred times and elected at half a cent, will have paid by the people, in addition to other charges. Let him be the confidence which they had reposed in him, and requested the Committee to convey to the Legislature his respectful leave of retirement, that, in exercising the responsible duties which would devolve upon it, it would be his study to endeavor to maintain the honor and promote the welfare of the country."

In person, President Polk was of middle stature, with a full angular brow, and a quick penetrating eye, which expressed much of his character at once; but its serious cast was often relieved by a peculiarly pleasant play of expression, and by the charm of his disposition. His private life, which had ever been upright and pure, secured to him the esteem and friendship of all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. He married a lady of Tennessee, who is a woman of rare worth, and who will be well qualified, by her virtues and accomplishments, to worthily adorn the station of mistress of the Executive mansion to which she had been called. He was without children, and leaves a widow to mourn his irreparable loss, and a host of friends to whom he will ever remain dear.

The following letter from the New York Herald gives an account of the last hours of the Ex Pre-sident:

NASHVILLE, June 16, 1849.

Yesterday, at 10 minutes before five o'clock, P. M., James K. Polk expired at his residence in this city. Mr. Polk had suffered from diarrhœa, on his way up the Mississippi river from New Orleans, in March; but the attack passed off, and he reached this city in good health. A few days after his arrival, he was attacked with the same complaint, a violently active, which had been completely and furiously in a style of confirmed elegance and taste. His estate lies in the vicinity of the city, on a beautiful eminence known as Grundy's Hill, having been the home of the late Felix Grundy, from whose heirs Mr. Polk purchased the property.

During his stay in his abode here, the Ex-President gave himself up to the improvement of his grounds, and the erection of a new house. His early part of describing and directing the labors that had employed. Now overlooking a carpenter, and now giving directions to a mason, he was accosted by Mrs. Polk, whose exquisite taste contributed to the beauty of every improvement. He is not a forthright since that I saw him on his premises, looking more well and strong, and possessing exercise. I was struck with his excellent health and vigor, and the active energy of his manner, which gave promise of long life. But the fatality which has carried off so many around the middle age of life. He seemed in the next day, but, in fact, he was not. He was, however, sensible, and began to arrange his large affairs. He made his will, and left his property to his wife, with directions as to the children, brought up in the Christian faith. He left a number of chronic diarrhœa, which was with him a constant source of uneasiness. He was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and died as he had lived, a Christian.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE, IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves to get up clubs for the Post for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will allow our Prospectus to some other industrial and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to so unequaled paper, as these who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive its superiority in every respect.

Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as the town in which they live.

Those who have been looking for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can fix on conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber, Lisbon, Ohio.—Yours is respectfully informed that we know nothing of the Rev. A. Barnes' Bible. Can not tell you what you have asked. Our opinion is that there are very few Christians in the United States—though there are, of course, many professors. Christianity is a religion, Episcopalian, Unitarian, Friends, Baptist, Methodist, &c., &c., are names we think of no great store of men are more or less Christians, just as they live.

E. B.'s poetry is respectfully declined. We are sorry to disappoint you, but you will see from what is said above, that we are not in the habit of publishing poetry.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Steamer Hibernia, which arrived last week, we were able to lay seven days later foreign news before all but a small proportion of our readers. The Cholera was still raging in Europe, and the reports were already smiled when the steamer arrived, we had to wait another week for the news, to which we shall include also, some items which were not received until the reception of the English journals.

Perhaps the most important item in the news is our Southern readers, is the advance of 1 of a penny in cotton at Liverpool, and the favorable and steady tone of the market generally.

The news from Hungary is still favorable. It is evident that the Russians have not yet been able to cross the Carpathian range. By 20 reported that the Austrians are concentrating their forces on the Transylvania side of the mountain passes, and are decidedly victorious. The Russians have not taken Transylvania, and it is said Prince Windischgratz is not down by the London Times at 300,000 men, more than equal to the combined Russian and Austrian forces engaged in Transylvania. The vast army is divided into eleven corps commanded by as many generals. It has also been a Prince, a Count, a Hungarian; Dahlonitch, a Croat; Percel, a Hungarian; Gorgey, a Hungarian; Gaspar, a Servian; Damenberg, a Hungarian; Gaspar, a Moldavian; Vetter, a Hungarian; and Aulich, a German. The Austrian army is estimated at 170,000 men, and the Hungarian at 150,000. They have no corps of cavalry, most of which are 12 and 18 pounders. The Austrians have a corps of cavalry, and almost the country in their classical costume, preaching extermination around the foreign invaders.

The Austrian army is said to be suffering for want of food, and the Hungarians are engaged in burning all the crops they can not carry off

United States SATURDAY POST.

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ANTIQUITIES.

In an account of a visit by a family party to the Museum of an Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh, in a late number of "Chambers's Journal," we find notices of the following curious articles:

"In a corner a singular collection of boys' utensils was observed, consisting of a bow and arrow of antique form, dredged from Loch Leven, bells of the manufacture of Sussex, an ancient fishing-rod, a sling, only to discharge it for exercise and most singular curiosity—a spotted-dog. One looked curiously, while gazing on this curious relic of old historic scenes, of the fair queen, with whom so many romantic associations are unfortunately bound up, and of her touching lament:—

"Here all too high, by wedlock raised
But lighter—to be cast from low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On sight of more unhappy show
Than the sweet flowerets of the field!
It is not spotted-dog the yields
The bitterness of woe."

"Here," said Mr. Lauder, "is the collar of a Scottish martyr, who suffered death."

"A Scottish slave!" exclaimed Miss Gregor; "I thought there was a thing, dear uncle?"

"Undoubtedly there was," Mr. Lauder replied; "and here is a bonne collier wearing the badge of his degradation—the Lady Jowlet, which was worn by a Scottish slave only last century. You can read the inscription on the silver plate:—'The Bonne charleston.'—" Alex. Stewart, Fiving Hall, Oswald's Heath, Fife.' Here, you see, is Sir Ino Dickinson, 1703, and George by the Jesuitical as a Perpetual Servant to the Jesuit Academy at Edinburgh."

"It was dredged up in the Firth of Forth; and one can hardly repress the conclusion that the unhappy culprit terminated his hopeless existence by a violent death.

"Let us now," said Mr. Lauder, "take a hasty glance over the larger objects which you see around. Among the most remarkable are the most grotesque caricatures of the Monks; Inferiorus, and, as we would think, the most representative of the race of devils, and monkeys, all of them most assuredly diabolical-looking, are the most appropriate objects to illustrate Scottish monks and monasteries of the fifteenth century. On the walls, again, are the old arms and crests of the noble and gentle families of Broadswords and targets, some of which have done service in Flodden field, and in the last desperate struggle of Prince Charles. Here is the spear of old Andrew Harr, the celebrated Edinburgh cutler, who made for his father's hand, as well as with the quaint emblem of a dove, but also for his share in the famous assault of 1596, when King James was besieged in the Castle of Edinburgh. He was in his wrath to level Edinburgh with the ground, and to make it a place for nettles to grow in; but fancy we see the sturdy old printer rallying forth, with his sword and buckler, and crying out, 'Up and down, Jemmie!' according to the fashion of the tumultuous old citizens of Edinburgh."

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He pictures the manner of living at the mines as of the most disgusting character. But we refer to his letter principally, because of his remarks upon the strong temptations to immorality which surround a man both at the diggings, and in the towns.

Let us man either himself that gold is to be gathered without toil and peril; and the most severe moral principles will be put to the test. The good married man will leave their homes pure and good, and the bachelor corner of gambling dens, drinking rooms, may return, (if indeed they ever do return,) with gold in their pockets, but with principles and manners infinitely than gold or diamonds, to the man of honor, or humanity. No one of these will have witnessed it, can form the least idea of the perils and temptations which surround the young, especially the young and unexperienced. When the day of toil is over, they have no home or social circle to enter. The tavern bar is the resort of all; here the social glass is to be found or looked into. At first, they drink and play for nothing; but succeeded, in time, when stakes are trifled, more frequent, and when they are high, and the excitement of gambling is at its height, they have any stakes, with which to play, and are induced to borrow of their companions as of little importance, when they have to $50 and be moved by the next day's labor. Many arose gambling at the bar, and lose all they have, and are compelled to work for their bread; they find themselves evidently associated with many worse than themselves, and before we they have on hand but the bar-room, the gambling house round the corner, and the amusement, and a few days and then, like the others, associated from a long voyage, and at the end of his time "cleaned out," and ready to embark again for the golden shore. Men cannot be in such a manner and industrious habits, many of them become drunkards, who, during the early stages of society (which is about four months in the year,) on their return to the city, are prevented, and cannot return to the diggings for want of a boat, or their locality to labor; and they have been feloniously exiled, gold stained before they are fairly tainted, and become, except under the guidance and control of men of tried and firm character, for I again repeat that nowhere upon the habitable globe do I believe the same temptations to vice exist the young and inexperienced as in California.

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THE PLAINS ALIVE.

The St. Louis Reveille has a letter dated Little Blue River, May 26th, from one of the emigrants on the latter, whence it says:

Since leaving the Kansas, we have passed at least one thousand teams, and are still behind at every place. Hereabouts are constantly passing out of sight of the emigrants. A long white line, before and behind, points out the road, relieving very much the monotony of them, to us, very dreary plains. Horsemen are constantly passing and repassing, looking more like wild deer and if very difficult to drive from the mind the idea that they are Indians, with the peaceful of civilization. Every now and then, as we find a creek, or the emigrants see a well where they can get water. They rushes yesterday we broke the usual bound of our journey, and made 30 miles. The country is a broad plain, among which was Cherry Island, Waterville, of St. Louis. In this company are Dr. White and family, and two other families. The army of General Treglos also passed the same day. The thousand dragoons of Kearny and a train of two hundred wagons presented a most grand spectacle, stretching along the road as far as the eye could see—officers and wagon masters galloping at full speed up and down the line.

We learn that several privates have deserted since starting, taking with them their horses, and a good many mules and horses have been lost at the different places of encampment.

As the train will proceed on the California road as far as the South Pass, ample provision will be afforded to the emigrants in the immediate vicinity of Fort Laramie. No open attacks are to be feared; but the strictest vigilance will be observed by the officers in charge of the train, to prevent the stealing of horses from the emigrants, from fifty to seventy-five deaths have occurred on the Platte and Independence road. I have been unable to learn the names at this writing, but I shall be able to do so from this side of the junction of these roads. We gave to Mr. Gilbert, of Jersey Regent, of St. Genevieve, Mo., Hosea McMillan, of Lawrenceburg, Ky.; John Wilson, of Cincinnati; Mr. Jno. Allen, Jr., a native of Essex county, Vt. Most of the deaths have been from cholera, and dysentery. Mr. Allen had been aged seventy-eight years, and his physicians as a Perpetual Servant to the Jesuit Academy at Edinburgh."

Another account says that there is great suffering and mortality among the emigrants. Provisions is very scarce, and that they are abandoning wagons, provisions, &c., and rigging up their horses and mules for packing.

It is also stated that in all, see hundred emigrants have been buried by the Indian agents. We think there must be some mistake about the number.

THE MUSEUM.

A new company has been engaged at the Museum, Mr. Blake, the old Treasurer, having taken a room in the vicinity, parties or star." Scott and very well supported however; as for Mr. Ricolfi, he has not the requisite histrionic character of Lion or Miss Mary Ann. He makes a tolerably good butler, but as Lion Comique, Sam Gamgee was received with much applause—she looked very much as she used to, though owing it may be to a passing sickness or fatigue, we thought that a little of the fresh morning dew had vanished from the rose.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week at this city was 181—adult, 93; and children 91.

A Legislative Scene.

A SCENE IN THE ARKANSAS LEGISLATURE.

FROM NOAH'S TIMES AND MESSENGER.

The session of this Legislature which sat in 1848, was the most important in the annals of Arkansas. It was shortly after the organization of the Government, and things were still in a state of chaotic character. The State officers, when their term of office had not been divided, and clamorous demagogue was hunting at the foot of "the public crib," but had not been admitted. Hence arose the fury of parties within the House, and as the session progressed, the excitement increased without. The members, with few exceptions, went to their places armed to the teeth and bristled like wagons worn in their bosoms or protruding from their pockets, each kept a good supply of cartridges and balls, and the whole throughout the session, with the exception of war enough in the hall to have answered the purposes of a small battle.

Every evening, after an adjournment, there was a general rush for the tavern or dwelling, in order to "wet their throat" in prime condition for the morrow. I was frequently startled from sleep myself at the midnight hours, and to look out upon the scene of wonder, and to see the sturdy old printer rallying forth, with his sword and buckler, and crying out, 'Up and down, Jemmie!' according to the fashion of the tumultuous old citizens of Edinburgh."

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General News.

NEW RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

The Boston Transcript says that the following are forms of of the organization of a new division of the Society of Friends, at Waterloo, Seneca County, N. Y., under the name of the Congregational Friends." It is composed of those Friends who have the old organization, but who are not satisfied with the various reforms of the day, such as emancipation, temperance, moral reform, peace, and in fact, the elevation of women, the abolition of capital punishment, &c.

Retaining the essential principles of the Friends, it is proposed to abolish what is known as the select Meeting," or the meeting of Ministers and Elders, and to render the organization more democratic, by placing all its members upon one level, and thus secure prosperity, leaving each individual to exert the influence which character alone can confer. The practice of recommending by (calling) ministers, and wearing them above their fellows, it is also proposed to abolish, leaving each individual free to speak or be silent, according to his perceptions of duty.

The Yearly Meeting of this new body is to have no ecclesiastical power over the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings. Each local congregation is to manage its own internal and disciplinary affairs as each one may see best adapted to its own peculiar circumstances; while the General or Yearly Meeting, being free from the necessity of intermeddling with merely local affairs, and being free to exert the influence which character alone can confer. The practice of recommending by (calling) ministers, and wearing them above their fellows, it is also proposed to abolish, leaving each individual free to speak or be silent, according to his perceptions of duty.

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

REMARKS.—The sanitary is business which has been transacted in Flour and Meal, during the week, and there is no change to note, as compared to the week previous. The receipts of Flour continue very light, and the demand is limited, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 1,000 bbls Penna. at $4.75, and 500 bbls Ohio at $4.81 @ $4.87½. Rye Flour sells at $3.25 @ $3.31. Corn Meal is dull, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 200 bbls Penna. at $3.75, and 100 bbls Brandywine at $3.81.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat are light, and the demand is limited, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 1,000 bbls Penna. at $1.75, including some for which sacking at $1.84, and red and prime Wheat at $1.70 @ $1.75. Rye continues scarce, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 1,000 bbls Penna. at $1.00 @ $1.02. Corn—Early in the week there was a fair demand, but the receipts have been very large, and prices have declined 1@2c. Sales of 5,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 70@72c, and 1,000 bushels of white at 73c. Since the arrival of the American steamer, the demand has been very limited, and prices have declined 1@2c. Sales of 1,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 68@69c, and 2,000 bushels of white at 70c. Since the arrival of the American steamer, the demand has been very limited, and prices have declined 1@2c. Sales of 1,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 68@69c, and 2,000 bushels of white at 70c.

PROVISIONS.—The market is dull, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 bbls Mess Pork at $13.50, including some for which sacking at $1.84, and red and prime Wheat at $1.70 @ $1.75. Rye continues scarce, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 1,000 bbls Penna. at $1.00 @ $1.02. Corn—Early in the week there was a fair demand, but the receipts have been very large, and prices have declined 1@2c. Sales of 5,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 70@72c, and 1,000 bushels of white at 73c. Since the arrival of the American steamer, the demand has been very limited, and prices have declined 1@2c. Sales of 1,000 bbls Penna. at $1.00 @ $1.02. Corn—Early in the week there was a fair demand, but the receipts have been very large, and prices have declined 1@2c. Sales of 5,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 70@72c, and 1,000 bushels of white at 73c. Since the arrival of the American steamer, the demand has been very limited, and prices have declined 1@2c. Sales of 1,000 bbls Penna. at $1.00 @ $1.02.

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☞ The Boston Transcript says that Mr. Webster, on his return to Marshfield, was welcomed by a large number of persons, mostly members of the Germon Treaty Club, who had come from all parts of the country, and some who were not Freeds.—Among those in attendance from abroad were Lieut. Gov. Reed, of Maine, Hon. Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Milnor, and Joseph A. Dugdale and Ruth Dugdale, of Philadelphia. Carriages to the number of 100 met the remains of the Treaty Meeting were met pursuant to the invitation of Mr. Webster, at his house and were welcomed, instead of meeting separately, came together in the same room on terms of perfect equality.

The meeting was organized according to the Friend's Society practice, by the appointment of the other officers that clerks. No question was put to vote, but every one had the right to express his mind, the clerks, after listening to all that was said by the members, recording what appeared to them to be the sense of the meeting. The appointed clerks were Thomas McClintock, of Waterloo, a lineal descendant of Thomas Cromwell, and one of the oldest writers in the Society of Friends, and Rinda de Garmo, of Rochester. Expenses of attendance, if there shall be any, are to be met by voluntary contributions of different parts of the country.

☞ Agassiz's Museum has received the Mc Cutcheon's setting forth the views of the meeting in relation to their subscription, and the establishment of Congregational Friends in respect to questions of Theology, was unanimously adopted. Congress has appropriated $1,000 for the purchase of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, now in the possession of Mr. Stone, of Washington, D. C.

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Clippings.

☞ How is a capital sparrow on a window with bad luck who wrote poetry?

☞ Why is a cat like a bird in your lat?

Your coughs are sad—your noses are red—
Your eyes are dull—your heads are dead—
You're sick—you're sad—you're blue—
Then what's the matter with you?

☞ A metropolitan housekeeper advertised recently for a wet nurse. A young Irish girl offered herself. "How old is your baby?" inquired the madame. "Sixteen, plase ma'am." "Have you ever had a baby?" "No, ma'am, but I've seen lots of them." "Then I'm afraid, Bridget, you will not do for me. It is a wet nurse I want." "Och, please ma'am, I know I'll do, for I'm wet nurse to meself."

☞ Never Late Than Never.—Married, in Jefferson Co., (Va.,) on the 15th of March, by Elder Sue, Mr. John Lot, aged 80 years, to Miss Catharine Sargent, aged 75 years and 6 months, after a courtship of forty years.

☞ Accounts from Vienna to the 21st ult., mention a report in very good circulation there, that the Russians met with a terrible reception at Kashau, in retaliation for which they destroyed that city.

Marrying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Who should their made wind all their lives
The gentle dames have had!

☞ Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the "Bride of Abydos" in one night, and without mending his pen. The pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.—Exchange.

NEW YORK MARKETS. JUNE 27.

The market, in the corner grades of Wool, on Flour, and in cotton, which is the leading article of trade, is quiet. Transactions of the day each amount to 1,000 bales, and the sales of the week foot up 7,000 to 8,000 bales. Sales of 1,000 bbls Penna. and ordinary sour, $4.19@4.20; do. and Ohio, $4.25@4.31; do. and Ohio, $4.31@4.37; do. and Ohio, $4.37@4.43; do. and Ohio, $4.43@4.49; do. and Ohio, $4.49@4.55; do. and Ohio, $4.55@4.61; do. and Ohio, $4.61@4.67; do. and Ohio, $4.67@4.73; do. and Ohio, $4.73@4.79; do. and Ohio, $4.79@4.85; do. and Ohio, $4.85@4.91; do. and Ohio, $4.91@4.97; do. and Ohio, $4.97@5.03; do. and Ohio, $5.03@5.09; do. and Ohio, $5.09@5.15; do. and Ohio, $5.15@5.21; do. and Ohio, $5.21@5.27; do. and Ohio, $5.27@5.33; do. and Ohio, $5.33@5.39; do. and Ohio, $5.39@5.45; do. and Ohio, $5.45@5.51; do. and Ohio, $5.51@5.57; do. and Ohio, $5.57@5.63; do. and Ohio, $5.63@5.69; do. and Ohio, $5.69@5.75; do. and Ohio, $5.75@5.81; do. and Ohio, $5.81@5.87; do. and Ohio, $5.87@5.93; do. and Ohio, $5.93@5.99; do. and Ohio, $5.99@6.05; do. and Ohio, $6.05@6.11; do. and Ohio, $6.11@6.17; do. and Ohio, $6.17@6.23; do. and Ohio, $6.23@6.29; do. and Ohio, $6.29@6.35; do. and Ohio, $6.35@6.41; do. and Ohio, $6.41@6.47; 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Selected Poetry.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWN.

When a man is saying God,
And his land is fills and weeds,
And his life a mere product pond,
And wen and wiens his cheek;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his warm hand,
She watcheth over them,
His wants to supply,
For let mapoleon will
His bosomest to fulfil.

When he sleeps, when the soon
Is bright o'er dale or hil,
And wi' singe, over the tone
Of the lovery bees, are still,
Into the garden wandering
To wi 'make herbs and flowers.

And when he goes out there,
To meet in the market place,
She brings the pony rare,
Into his footsteps runs;
And 'mouth his weary hand,
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never leaves him,
She never leaves him night and day
The moons his eye always.

And when his trials o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in his homes's cave,
Lie mowers unperturbed,
Her tears, her sighs, are wend
Her settled grief to spend.

And though there may arose,
Suits for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes,
May sometimes smiles signs;
Still, still she mourns her,
She never can forget.

Choice Selections.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

Dinner had been over about half an hour on Saturday evening, early day on which for years I had been able to enjoy a dinner—and I was leisurely sipping a glass of wine, when a carriage drove rapidly up to the door, a loud ral-tar followed, and my friend Dr. Curtess, to my great surprise, was announced.

"I have called," said the Doctor as we shook hands, "to ask you to accompany me to Cross Place. I have just received a hurried note from Miss Armitage, stating that her mother, after a very brief illness, is rapidly sinking, and requesting my attendance, as well as that of a legal gentleman, immediately."

"Mrs. Armitage!" I exclaimed, inexpressibly shocked. "Why, it is scarcely more than a fortnight since I met her at the Lord Mayor's, in the finest health and spirits!"

"Even so. But will you accompany me? I don't know where to find any one else for the moment, and time presses."

"It is an Armitage, probably, rather than a Bellaston, that is needed; but under the circumstances, I must not be ill-tempered." I added, as I rang the bell.

We were soon bowling along at a rapid pace, and in little more than an hour reached the dying lady's residence, situated in the county of Kent, and distant about ten miles from London. We entered together, and Dr. Curtess, leaving me in the library, proceeded at once to the sick chamber. About ten minutes afterwards the housekeeper, a tall, benign-looking, and rather handsome woman, came into the room, and announced that the Doctor would see me. As I entered the room, I was observed, trembled like an aspen. I motioned her to precede me; and she, with unsteady steps, immediately led the way. So great was her agitation, that twice, in ascending the stairs, she only saved herself from falling by grasping the banister-rail. The passage I drew from the exhilation of such overpowering emotion, by a person whom I knew to have been long not only in the service, but in the confidence of Mrs. Armitage, was soon confirmed by Dr. Curtess, whom we met coming out of the chamber of the expiring patient.

"Stop that way," said he, addressing me, and leading to an adjoining apartment. "We do not require your attendance, Mrs. Borcton," said he, as soon as we reached it, to the housekeeper, who had anxiously followed us, and now stood staring with eager eyes in the Doctor's face, as if life and death hung on his lips. "Have the goodness to leave us," he added, tartly, perceiving she did not stir; but mentioned her name, Borcton, which I have only started at his almost tone, flushed crimson, then pulled to a chalky whiteness, and muttering, left the apartment.

"The danger of her mistress hes bewildered her," I remarked.

"Perhaps so," remarked Dr. Curtess. "So that as it may, Mrs. Armitage is beyond all human help. Her mother lone will be, so we say, no more."

I leaned on. What is the nature of her disorder?"

"A rapid wasting away, as I am informed. The appearances present are those of a person expiring of atrophy, or extreme emaciation."

"Indeed! And an sudden too?"

"Yes. I am glad you are come, although your professional services will not, I seems, be required—a neighboring Attorney having performed the necessary duty—something, I believe, relative to the will of the dying lady. We will speak further together by and by. In the meantime," continued Dr Curtess, with a perceptible tremor in his voice, "it will do neither of us any harm to partake of the cheering influence of a glass of wine." The closing scenes of the life of Mary Borcton, whom you and I twenty years ago worshipped as one of the gentlest and most beautiful of beings with which the Creator ever graced the universe. It will be a powerful parting. Come."

I set on, with anxious footsteps, we entered the silent death-chamber, the last rays of the setting sun were falling upon the figure of Elena Armitage —who knelt in speechless agony by the bedside of her expiring parent, silently lighting up the pale, emaciated, sunken features of the so lately beautiful, exulted Mrs. Armitage! So far the inexorable spoiler of her deep-blue eyes, I should scarcely have recognized her. Standing at the shadow, as thrown by the heavy bed-tapery, we gazed and listened unperceived.

"Elise," murmured the dying lady, "come nearer to me. It is growing dark, and I cannot see you plainly. Come, that I may see to implant on the verse you finished with as good Dr Curtess on bend. Ah," she hastily whispered, "it is thee, Elise, with the hand cramped in mine with the words of the Holy Book sounding from thy dear lips, that I would pass away!"

Elise, interrupted only by her blinding tears, making out steps, complied. Twilight stole on, and threw its shadow over the solemn scene, and its strong its holiness of sorrow. Night came with all her train, and the silver moon looked down on the pale yet beauty the pale face of the weeping girl, still pressing one and sacred task. We hesitated to disturb, for the slightest movement, the repose of the deathbed over which hoiled and hope, those only pertinacious, chief spirits, could exist! At length Dr Curtess advanced gently towards the bed, and taking the daughter's hand, said in a low tone, "We have not better stay, my dear young lady, for a few moments?" She understood him, and rising from her kneeling attitude, with a last look of love upon the corpse, from which the spirit had just passed away, glided noiselessly from the chamber, and the nothing girl was borne from the chamber.

I descended, full of emotion, to the library where Dr. Curtess presently joined me; and for the next hour, busily entering the room, I came suddenly upon the housekeeper and a tall young man, standing with their backs towards me in the recesses of one of the windows, and partly sh-ended by the heavy sash curtains. They were too much absorbed in conversation, and several words, the significance of which did not at the moment occur to me, escaped my ears, before they perceived my approach. The instant they did so, they turned hastily round, and eyed me with an expression of countenance which at the time surprised me not a little. "All is over, Mrs. Borcton," said I, fasting she did not speak. "and your presence is probably needed by Miss Armitage." A faint of intelligence, as I spoke, passed between the two, but whatever degree of guilt or joy, or momentary was the glance, I should have been puzzled to define it. The housekeeper left the room, keeping her eyes, as she passed, fixed upon me with the same nervous apprehensive look which had been remarked by Dr Curtess. The young man followed more slowly. He was a tall and rather handsome youth, apparently about one or two-and-twenty years of age. He hair was black as jet, and his dark eyes were of singular brilliancy; but the expression, I thought, was generally a reserved or highly-intellectual one. His resemblance to Mrs Borcton, whom me indeed he was, was very striking. He bowed slightly, but courteously, as he as eyes, as he closed the door, and I was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of my own reflections, which, ill-defined and indistinct as they were, were anything but pleasant company. My reverie was at length interrupted by the entrance of the Doctor, with the announcement that the carriage was in waiting to re-convey us to town.

We had journeyed several miles on our return before a word was spoken by either of us. My companion was apparently even more pointedly preoccupied than myself. He was, however, the first to break silence.

"The unclaimed corpse we have just left little resembles the gay beautiful girl for whose smiles you and I were once disposed to shoot each other!"

The Doctor's voice trembled with emotion, and he hurriedly applied the cup pale to his eyes.

"Mary Rowdan," I remarked, "three again in her daughter's."

"Yes; her very image. Do you know," continued he, speaking with rapid energy, "I suspect Mrs Armitage—Mrs. Armitage, I would say—died in no family, treacherously dealt with!"

I started with surprise; and yet the announcement not embodied and gave form and color to my own ill defined and shadowy suspicions.

"Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "can it be?"

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, she has been poisoned by an adept in the use of such destructive agents."

"Mrs. Borcton?"

"No; by her son. At least my suspicion point that way. She is probably cognizant of the crime, but in order that you should understand the grounds upon which my suspicions are principally founded, I must enter into a short explanation. Mrs Armitage, I presume, is aware of the secret of which we formerly occupied a much higher position than she does. She has lived with Mrs Armitage from the period of her husband's death, now about seven years ago. Mrs Borcton has a son, a tall, good, looking fellow enough, whom you have seen."

"He was with his mother in the library as I entered having just."

"Ah! Well, hem! This boy, in his mother's opinion—but that, perhaps, is somewhat amenable—exhibited early indications of talent in the style of his genius." Mrs. Armitage, who had been first struck by the beauty of the child, gradually acquired the warm notice, and the result was, that the boy little by little invested—with at least her half approval—with the privileges engaged to be the intended inheritance of such gifted spirits; namely, the right to be as idle as he pleased whenever you have to, according to the popular notion, attain any considerable amount of knowledge or culture at all—and to spend small sums in the style of a little gentleman. Mrs. Armitage, who had been first struck by the beauty of the child, gradually acquired the warm notice, and the result was, that he was